

Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.



MISS DORA HAYDEN.

"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. Be sides I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form."—Miss Dora Hayden, 819 6th St., S. W., Wash ington, D. C.

A Case of Spring Catarrh.

Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 423 1/2 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well.

"A member of our club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

LEGISLATION FOR EFFECT.

Many Bills Introduced in Congress to Impose Constituents.

Less than 5 per cent of the bills introduced in Congress relate to public business. Instead, they have to do with matters bearing directly or indirectly on the Congressman's hope of re-election and re-election. The total number of bills introduced during the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress (including the special session) was 15,576. Of these, only 1,645 were public measures. The other 13,931 were private. Two hundred and sixty-four public laws were enacted and 1,896 private laws. Much of the proposed private legislation was put in without any thought of its ultimate passage; but, whether it was expected to pass or not, and whether it was pushed or not, the purpose of its introduction was generally the same—to give an appearance of activity and influence "the boys" at home.

About 35 per cent of the Congressmen rely on river and harbor legislation to carry them through. Many bills relating to proposed improvements are introduced which are not included in the big general measures but sometimes they do almost as much good as if they were passed, so far as their effect on the voters is concerned, especially if the introducer is of the minority party. Then he can assert that the demons of the other side prevented favorable action on his projects, and thus kept justice from her throne.

Not many years ago a man who had persistently brought the claims of a pet project before the river and harbor committee broke down when he saw that his reiterated arguments were having no effect.

"Gentlemen," he said, to the assembled committee, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "I'll be quit frank with you. If I fall to get this appropriation I am asking for I will fall to get back to Congress. I know this is an unmanly exhibition, but it means so much to me!" And the tears continued to flow.—Success Magazine.

Afraid to Ask Too Much.

First Legislator—I see a Kansas man has declared "a pass is a bribe, and any man ought to be too big to accept such a small bribe.

Second Legislator—Well, of course that's true, but it would look kind of small for us to go further and ask the railroads to pay us for riding, wouldn't it?—Kansas City Times.

Economy.

Mr. Justwed—It's so sweet of you to agree that we must economize. But do you think you can get along without a cook?

Mrs. Justwed—Oh, yes. We'll have all our meals sent in by a caterer.—Cleveland Leader.

Between Friends.

Miss Tartan—Archie Feathertop tells me you are advising him to spend his vacation this summer in the Swiss mountains.

Mrs. Chillon-Kearney—Yes; I thought that if I could induce him to fall down some precipice I would be doing a real favor to you, dear.

"Did Catebay marry for love?"

"Yes, poor fellow, and he got nothing but misery."—Detroit Free Press.

On the Ocean Blue.

"When that storm was blowing yesterday," said the vivacious girl, "I just threw up my hands in despair."

"Well," returned her escort, grimly, "something got the matter with me, too, but I didn't—er—er—I didn't throw up my hands."

The Missing Papers.

Mrs. Function—I should think it would be dreadfully hard for you play-boys to think of plots.

Mr. Quick Lee Dashbottom—Where there's a will there's a way.—Indis-soluble Star.

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

Kitty turned out to be a perfect treasure, as her pretty face and charming voice soon made her a favorite, and when in burlesque she played Princess to Fanny Wopples' Prince there was sure to be a crowded house and lots of applause. Kitty's voice was clear and sweet as a lark's, and her execution something wonderful, so Mr. Wopples christened her the Australian Nightingale, and caused her to be so advertised in the papers. Moreover, her dainty appearance carried the audience irresistibly away, and had Fanny Wopples not been a really good girl she would have been jealous of the success achieved by the newcomer.

"Next year," said Mr. Wopples, at a supper which they had to celebrate the success of their tour, "we'll have a theater in Melbourne, and I'll make it the favorite house of the city, see if I don't."

It seemed, therefore, as though Kitty had found her vocation, and would develop into an operative artist; but fate intervened. Miss Marchurst retired from the stage, which she had adorned so much. This was due to Madame Midas, who, driving down Collins street one day, saw Kitty at the corner walking with Fanny Wopples. She immediately stopped her carriage, and, alighting therefrom, turned straight up to the girl, who, turning and smiling at her for the first time, grew deadly pale.

"Kitty, my dear," said Madame, "I have been looking for you vainly for a year—but I have found you at last."

Kitty's breast was full of conflicting emotions as she thought that Madame knew all about her having married Vandelpou, and that she would speak severely to her. Mrs. Villiers' next words, however, reassured her.

"You left Ballarat to go on the stage, did you not?" she said kindly, looking at the girl; "why did you not come to me?—you knew I was always your friend."

"Yes, Madame," said Kitty, putting out her hand and averting her head, "I would have come to you, but I thought you would stop me from going."

"My dear child," replied Madame, "I thought you knew me better than that; what theater are you at?"

"She's with us," said Miss Fanny, who had been staring at this grave, handsomely dressed lady who had alighted from such a swell carriage; "we are the Wopples family."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Villiers, thinking, "I remember you very well at Ballarat last year. Well, Kitty, will you and your friend drive down to St. Kilda with me, and I'll show you my new house?"

Kitty would have refused, for she was afraid Madame Midas would perhaps send her back to her father, but the appealing looks of Fanny Wopples, who had never since known of her marriage, had never been so strong as they were now, and she was trying to do so, decided her to accept. So they stepped into the carriage and Mrs. Villiers told the coachman to drive home.

"But how is it," asked Madame, who believed her fully, "that I could not find you?"

"Because I was up the country all the time," replied Kitty quickly, "and of course did not act under my real name."

"You would not like to go back to your father, I suppose," suggested Madame.

"No," she answered, determinedly; "I'm on the stage now, and I mean to stick to it."

"But why not stay with me, my dear?" said Mrs. Villiers, looking at her; "I am a lonely woman, as you know, and if you come to me I will treat you as a daughter."

"Oh! how good you are," cried the girl in a revulsion of feeling, falling on her knees; "but indeed I cannot leave the stage—I'm too fond of it."

Madame sighed and gave up the argument for a time, then showed the two girls all over the house, and after they had dined with her she sent them back to town in her carriage, with strict injunctions that they were to come down next day and bring Mr. Wopples with her.

Wopples saw Madame next day, and a long talk ensued, which ended in Kitty agreeing to stay six months with Mrs. Villiers, and then, if she still wished to continue on the stage, she was to go to Mr. Wopples. On the other hand, in consideration of Wopples losing the services of Kitty, Madame promised that next year she would give him sufficient money to start a theater in Melbourne. So both parted mutually satisfied. Kitty made presents to all the family, who were very sorry to part with her, and then took up her abode with Mrs. Villiers, as a kind of adopted daughter, and was quite prepared to play her part in the comedy of fashion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Owing to the quiet life Kitty had led since she came to Melbourne, and the fact that she had taken place in the country, she felt quite safe when making her appearance in Melbourne society that no one would recognize her. It was unlikely she would meet with any of the Pulchro family again, and she knew Mr. Wopples would hold his tongue regarding her, as the only one who could reveal anything about her would be Vandelpou, and he would certainly be silent for his own sake, as she knew he valued the friendship of Madame Midas too much to lose it. Nevertheless, she awaited his coming in considerable trepidation, as she was still in love with him, and was nervous as to what reception she would meet with.

Vandelpou, on the other hand, was quite unaware of the surprise in store for him. When he next called on Madame Midas he was shown into the drawing room by the servant. There were no lights in the room, as it was not sufficiently dark for them, and Vandelpou smiled as he saw a fire in the grate.

"My faith," he said to himself, "Madame is as chilly as ever."

The servant had retired, and he was left by himself in this large room, with the shades twilight all through it, and the flicker of the fire more from habit than anything else, and suddenly came on a big armchair, drawn up close to the side, in which a woman was sitting.

"Ah! the sleeping beauty," said Vandelpou carelessly. The white figure suddenly rose and confronted him. The light from the fire was fair on her face, and with a sudden start Vandelpou saw before him the wife he had deserted.

"Beh!" he gasped, recoiling a step.

"Yes," said Kitty, in an agitated tone, "you deserted me."

"Beh!" said Gaston, coolly, having recovered from the first shock of surprise.

"That style suits Sarah Bernhardt, not you, my dear. The first act of this comedy is excellent, but it is necessary the characters should know one another in order to finish the play."

"Ah!" said Kitty, with a bitter smile, "do I not know you too well, as the man who promised me love and then broke his word? You forgot all your vows to me."

"My dear child," replied Gaston, lowering his head against the mantelpiece, "if you had read Balzac you would discover that he says, 'Life would be intolerable without a certain amount of forgetting.' I must say, smiling, 'I agree with the novelist.'"

Kitty looked at him as he stood there cool and complacent, and threw herself back into the chair angrily.

"Just the same," she muttered restlessly, "just the same."

"Yes, my Bebe," he said, in a caressing tone, taking her hand.

"No, no!" she cried, wrenching them away, while an angry glow of color glowed on her cheek. "I loved you as you were—not as you are now—we are done with sentiment, M. Vandelpou," she said, sneering, "and now our relations to one another will be purely business ones."

"So glad you understand the position," he said, blandly; "I see the age of miracles is not yet past when a woman can talk sense."

"You won't disturb me with your sneers," retorted the girl, glaring fiercely at him out of the gathering gloom in the room.

"Beh!" he said, gaily, "our comedy is turning into a tragedy; I am as good as you, I think significantly, 'we understand one another.'"

"Yes, I think we do," she answered, calmly, the color coming back to her cheek. "Neither of us is to refer to the past, and we both go on our different roads unhindered."

"Mademoiselle Marchurst," said Vandelpou ceremoniously, "I am delighted to meet you after a year's absence—come, with a gay laugh, 'let us begin the comedy thus, for here,' he added quickly, as the door opened, 'here comes the spectators.'"

"Well, young people," said Madame's voice, as she came slowly into the room, "you are all in the dark; ring the bell for lights, M. Vandelpou."

"Certainly, Madame," he answered, touching the electric button. "Miss Marchurst and myself were renewing our former friendship."

"How do you think she is looking?" asked Madame, as the servant came in and lit the gas.

"Charming," replied Vandelpou, looking at the dainty little figure in white standing under the blaze of the chandelier; "she is more beautiful than ever."

Kitty made a saucy little curtsy, and burst into a merrily laugh.

"He is just the same, Madame," she said, merrily, to the tall, grave woman in black velvet, who stood looking at her affectionately, "full of compliments, and not meaning one; but when is dinner to be ready?" pathetically; "I'm dying of starvation."

"I hope you have peaches, Madame," said Vandelpou, gaily; "the first time I met Mademoiselle she was longing for peaches."

"I am unchanged in that respect," retorted Kitty, brightly; "I adore peaches still."

"I am just waiting for Mr. Calton," said Madame Midas, looking at her watch; "he ought to be here by now."

"Is that the lawyer, Madame?" asked Vandelpou.

"Yes," she replied, quietly, "he is a most delightful man."

"So I have heard," answered Vandelpou, nonchalantly, "and he had something to do with a former owner of this house, I think."

"Oh, don't talk of that," said Mrs. Villiers, nervously; "the first time I took the house I heard all about the owner being murdered."

"Why, Madame, you are not nervous," said Kitty, gaily.

"No, my dear," replied the elder, quietly, "but I must confess that for some reason or another I have been a little upset since coming here; I don't like being alone."

"You shall never be that," said Kitty, fondly nestling to her.

"Thank you, puss," said Madame, tapping her cheek; "but I am nervous," she said, rapidly; "at night especially. Sometimes I have to get Selina to come into my room and stay all night."

"Madame Midas nervous," thought Vandelpou to himself; "then I can guess the reason; she is afraid of her husband coming back to her."

Just at this moment the servant announced Mr. Calton, and he entered, with his sharp, incisive face, looking clever and keen.

"I must apologise for being late, Mrs. Villiers," he said, shaking hands with his hostess; "but business, you know, the pleasure of business."

"Now," said Madame, quickly, "I hope you have come to the business of pleasure."

"Very epigrammatic, my dear lady," said Calton, in his high, clear voice; "I may introduce me."

Madame did so, and they all went to dinner, Madame with Calton and Kitty following with Vandelpou.

"This," observed Calton, when they were all seated at the dinner table, "is the perfection of dining; for we are four, and the guests, according to an epicure, should never be less than the Graces nor greater than the Muses."

And a very merry little dinner it was. All four were clever talkers, and Vandelpou and Calton being pitted against one another, excelled themselves; witty remarks, satirical sayings, and well-told stories were constantly coming from their lips.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Meddleships were giving a ball, therefore the mansion at Torrak was brilliantly illuminated and crowded with fashionable people. The ball room was at the side of the house, and from it French windows opened on to a wide veranda, which was inclosed with drapery and hung with many-colored Chinese lanterns. Beyond this the smooth green lawn stretched away to a thick fringe of trees, which grew beside the fence and screened the Meddleship residence from the curious gaze of vulgar eyes.

Kitty came under the guardianship of Mrs. Ritter, a young matron with dark hair, an imperious manner, and a young man always at her heels. Mrs. Villiers intended to have some, but at the last moment was seized with one of her nervous

fits, so declined to stop at home with Selina for company. Kitty, therefore, accompanied Mrs. Ritter to the ball, but the guardianship of that lady was more nominal than anything else, as she went off with Mr. Bellthorp after introducing Kitty to Mrs. Meddleship, and danced with him the whole evening. Kitty, however, did not in the least mind being left to her own devices, for being an extremely pretty girl she soon had plenty of young men round her anxious to be introduced. She filled her program rapidly and kept two valises for Vandelpou, as she knew he was going to be present, but he was not there, and she made his appearance.

He arrived about past ten o'clock, and was strolling leisurely up to the house, when he saw Pierre, standing amid a number of idlers at the gate. The dumb man stopped forward, and Vandelpou paused with a smile on his handsome lips, though he was angry enough at the sight of the steps which led to the house, saw him enter the brilliantly lighted hall, and then his himself in the shrubs which grew on the edge of the lawn. There, in close hiding, he could hear the sound of music and voices, and could see the door of the fernery wide open, and caught glimpses of dainty dresses flitting.

"Money again, I suppose?" he said to Pierre, in a low voice, in French; "don't trouble me now, but come to my rooms to-morrow."

The dumb man nodded, and Vandelpou walked leisurely up the path. Then he crossed the lawn, and stepped into the shrubs which led to the house, saw him enter the brilliantly lighted hall, and then his himself in the shrubs which grew on the edge of the lawn. There, in close hiding, he could hear the sound of music and voices, and could see the door of the fernery wide open, and caught glimpses of dainty dresses flitting.

Vandelpou, quite ignorant that his friend was watching the house, put on his gloves leisurely, and walked in search of his hostess. Mrs. Meddleship glanced approvingly at Vandelpou as he came up, for he was extremely good looking.

"Mademoiselle Marchurst," said Gaston, who went in search of Kitty, and found her with Felix Rolleston, who was amusing her with his gay chatter.

"I don't want to dance," Kitty said curtly, pointing to the seat beside her as an invitation for him to sit down.

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WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

Who are the happy, who are the free? You tell me and I'll tell thee; Those who have tongues that never lie, Truth on the lip, truth in the eye; To Friend or to Foe, To all above and to all below; These are the happy, these are the free, So may it be with thee and me.

—London Times.

Dave's Triumphant Marriage

"That little Allie Elais is a dear!" said one patron to another. "Watch her, now, over there talking with Dave Ethbert. See how Dave brightens. Allie is really a magnet for smiles; never saw her like."

"Nor I!" said the other. "Allie is beautiful; an unusual type, anyhow—small, black hair, blue eyes, rosy. She and Dave will come to a proper understanding some day, I hope. Did you ever see another man who looked more like a figure on a tailor's fashion-plate than Dave does? The rooms will soon be crowded. Here comes Mr. Channing and Caroline Coree."

The two thus singled out passed to where Allie and Dave were, their group soon becoming the most animated to be seen.

"My husband thinks that Mr. Channing is already the most important lawyer in town," continued the matron's monotonous flow of speech. "I suppose he will eventually take his father's position. It is time that the old Channing mansion should have a mistress. How do you think Caroline would do?"

"The best in the world," the other affirmed. "That high-lady air of hers would suit the grand proportions of the place. It's a pity she isn't pretty."

"Not pretty? Why, Caroline is lovely!" was declared.

"No. She is too much like dozens of others; brown hair, gray eyes, fair, plump. I think Caroline's chief attractions are that she looks straight at you when she speaks to you, and that her dresses always fit her as if made for her and not for another. Her hair is an attraction, too; fluffy as Allie's, yet done up in a style that makes one sure it is not coming down, and that the combs are going to stay exactly where she placed them."

The other lady smiled. "You observe very closely," she remarked. "I think her pretty, despite your ideas."

When Caroline reached home after the entertainment, she and Mr. Channing seated themselves in her quiet parlor for what they thought was to be the happiest chat of the evening. It was only a few minutes until, accidentally, the conversation turned to personal affairs. The two had been friends since the days of childhood, but it had been only within the last year that Mr. Channing had discovered that Caroline was dearer to him than any one else. He had never told her, and there was a noticeable diffidence in his men as he said: "It is good to be alone with you, Caroline, and to feel safe from interruption. To-night I want to talk of myself as I can talk to no one but you. May I do it?"

"You may begin," she permitted, smiling. "I may have to stop you since I am in the dark as to how you mean to handle your subject." She settled her elbow on a pile of cushions in the corner of the settee, and nestling her cheek in her palm, looked at him, awaiting his words. Her ease was disconcerting. Moving his rocker sideways, but in front of her, he said, a little awkwardly:

"You look so provokingly nonchalant, Caroline, and I feel so serious. I always do in a genuine home. Even when I have never had a home. Even when I was a kid, there was only that big house of ours, full of furniture and an all-invasive housekeeper. Father would come at night, and leave in the morning. I certainly did have a bleak boyhood. He turned his eyes from an almost unconscious survey of the pretty room to surprise on Caroline's face, a responsive expression.

"You poor fellow!" she said, with charming intonation. "I have thought about you as homeless in that big house! Haven't we always been friends? I used to feel dreadfully sorry for you even when we went to school together."

"Since then, also," he asked, quickly. "Yes, since then, also," she admitted, reluctantly.

"I have needed it," he said almost sternly. "Have needed it most of all in the last two years, because in that time I have not even had father. Do you know, Caroline, I am glad you have been sorry? It does not sound well, but I am glad. It even makes it easier for me to tell you that in the last year I have come to know that I love you. I am afraid, now that you know; afraid, because, if you do not love me, Caroline, my life can never again have any zest to it. Was it because you do care for me that you have felt sorry for my loneliness?"

Without changing her position, Caroline had looked away from him during his last few sentences, and an expression near akin to sadness was on her face. A new womanliness was about her as she turned again to him, waiting, and said, with the faintest smile, and the gentlest tones, "Are all men so calm when they tell their love?"

Not pausing for answer, she put forth her warm, tender hand, and let it rest on his amazed and trembling one, as she said simply, a new pink suffusing her face: "I have known of your love a long while, Harold, and you are welcome to know that never can I give to any other man love like the love I feel for just you." She was looking at him gravely, unhesitatingly, conscious all the while of the emotion aroused in both of them.

Perhaps it was the certain sympathy in her tone, perhaps it was the voluntary touch of her hand, perhaps it was what she said; but calmness in Harold Channing was no more for the time being.

ing. Caroline saw and heard, her face, a beautiful transparency, showing each successive feeling he awakened in her soul. They talked on and on, time forgotten; then, at the last, they stumbled unaware on a cause of discussion. Unbelievable as it may be, they bade each other a cool, curt goodbye, the engagement of an hour broken.

It is seldom that any of the inhabitants of a small town can possess a secret. In a way mysterious past understanding, the secret is shrouded from the housepots before it is many days old. So, every one in Greenville soon knew that Caroline Coree had lovingly but firmly broken an exceedingly short engagement to Mr. Channing. She had done it lovingly, gossip said, because she really did love him; and firmly, because she simply would not do what he desired—leave her aged and invalid father to the care of her young brother, after her marriage. Greenville at once elected to take Caroline's side, even being proud, as time wore on, of the sad expression which was so at home on the young countenance.

Harold and Caroline had agreed, when they broke their engagement, to continue their lives in accustomed grooves, if possible, hoping thus to escape publicity. It was Caroline's wish especially, for she hoped that her father would never learn of the affair. Thus each attended the same social gatherings, even conversing together whenever it would have been noticeable to keep silence. At such times, however, only each heart knew how the tones of the other voice hurt; while both became conscious that their every

word was caught by others, their every movement was watched.

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